

In *Life*, a weekly publication more noted for its smartness than its wit, and which is supposed to throw the searchlight upon the follies, foibles, sins, whims and caprices of human kind, there recently appeared a two-page illustration entitled "The Reward of Virtue." The artist has devoted his energies in making a series of drawings depicting the dog's service to man; he has grouped these about a center picture which for diabolic conception rivals Poe's best tales of the Spanish Inquisition. A hard-faced, elderly man, wrapped in a linen duster, stands with scalpel poised over a beautiful dog strapped securely to a table. A hypodermic case, a pair of forceps and scissors give evidence of his calling. One sleeve is rolled high and he is about to treat the other in the same fashion. The reader is left to imagine that the man's next move will be to spit on his hands and wade in. Just what he is going to do is difficult to say, but the Jekyll-Hyde expression would imply something heinous; possibly to cut out an eye, or amputate a paw or sever the head from the trunk, thus deriving an insane delight from the shedding of blood which would make him acceptable to the pages of Krafft-Ebing's case book.

This is *Life's* idea of humor; its tribute to the medical profession,—for it wishes to imply that the bloodthirsty individual is a physician. Medical humanitarianism is denoted by the hard face; surgical asepsis is pictured by the dirty linen duster; the cruelty and barbarity of medical research find expression in the pathos of the poor beast who is fastened as in a vise.

This horrible illustration, so unwholesome that it should have been suppressed by the authorities, is not without purpose. It is this silly journal's contribution to the fight which is being made against the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research by certain fanatics in New York. This publication, whose view of life is obtained from a swiftly moving automobile or the windows of a fashionable club, has long been opposed to doctors; it is a fitting member of an alliance which would seek by any means, fair or foul, to stifle progress in the healing art. In vain do physicians show the human benefits of animal experimentation; in vain is Flexner's work at the Rockefeller Institute held up to their view. That the mortality in cerebro-spinal meningitis has been reduced from seventy-five to twenty-five per cent is mere drivel to these misguided sentimentalists. People who do not choose to fight fair are not open to argument.

One hears, from time to time, more or less talk about "machines" that run medical societies, and the comment is always derogatory—or worse. What does it all mean? It simply means that those who have not the energy, the ability, the time or the inclination to do a certain amount of work, object when they see others doing it. Everything in the world is run by some sort of a machine. A few always do the work for the many. Lydston, and some other men with chronic ingrowing grouches, have expended a lot of energy (and no small sum of money, by whom contributed has not yet been explained) in attacking the American Medical Association, the cry being continually raised that it is run by a "machine." Well, for the sake of argument, let us suppose it is so run; do you not think it is a pretty good machine? It has built up the Association in the last ten years until now we own the largest and best medical journal published; we have nearly 40,000 members and we own over a half million dollars' worth of property. Is that something to be complained of? In running the A. M. A., modern business principles have been employed; authority and responsibility have been concentrated in one individual; it is up to the manager of any business to "make good"; if he does not, out he goes. That is exactly the case with the A. M. A.; the Secretary and General Manager is responsible, and he has made good. Why should the Trustees take a step backward and appoint a number of managers, thus dividing responsibility, when common sense dictates that the better policy, and the more successful one, is to concentrate responsibility and authority? It is absurd. Furthermore, it is a singular thing that, while the complexion of the House of Delegates changes from year to year, the policy of the Trustees is nevertheless endorsed each year; because it has been shown to be a good policy, and it is self-evident that the Association is being successfully managed; what more does anyone want? What more could anyone ask? If you were the owner of big business or a manufacturing plant, would you ask more than to have your business grow, develop, improve, increase with each passing year? It is absurd.

The Pharmacopeia had its origin in 1820, the first convention being composed of delegates from incorporated medical schools and

medical societies exclusively. **THE ORIGINAL PHARMACOPEIA.** It was not till 1840 that similar pharmaceutical organizations were invited to co-operate in the work of compiling the Pharmacopeia. Since 1840 the medical representation and medical interest in the compilation of the Pharmacopeia have steadily decreased until it is but a shadow dominated by pharmaceutical interests which, unfortunately, are not entirely free from the suspicion of more or less commercial interest. The work originated with physicians and